

# ARRAKIS 53



Yer first soapy opera... "As the New World Turns"

Weather: Where did  
all the red stuff  
go that was in the  
Thermometer?

Arrakis # 53  
February 6, 1975 Ooops!  
I don't think I have  
written 1976 on anything  
yet this year!

"That will be 8¢ plus 2¢ for the outhouses at the Olympic site."

"I'm glad you fellows at the post office are putting out these action stamps, it's an easy way for me to support the games."

"I think you'll be supporting them no matter what!"

"Well Henry there is another goof that bought those dumb Olympic stamps."

"I think I'll go and sort some mail now Ernie."

"Okay Henry, I'll watch the counter."

From some where in the mail sorting room "Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"What happened, has Henry caught the plague?"

"No", replied a mail sorter, "it is something worse than the Black Death!"

Firmly held in the hands of the now limp Henry was Arrakis!

The people that are responsible for not suppressing this publication are:

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who are all members of and founders of MSP (Morning Star Publications), and are also members of the CDGO and the HDA. Subscriptions to Arrakis are one cent per page plus postage. ((how's that for Alliteration!))

Gameopenings: Brian Johnston is opening a game of regular diplomacy, two are signed up for that one. David Head is opening a game of Antigonish Isles, two are signed up for that one. Rules and map in Arrakis # 51 All game fees are \$2.00 plus a subscription to Arrakis (A 50% discount goes to HDA members). Flash, Three are now signed up for the dippy game.

I look in this issue and what do I see? Probably a Gemignani Awards Ballot II. My opinion on these awards has changed somewhat over the year, mainly I suppose because I have been nominated in one section and Arrakis in three other listings. I encourage everyone to send in their ballot and to vote for me as the least reliable ally. All the ballots should be sent to Robert Sacks, his address is on the ballot.

In the first category I think I'll vote for Gordon Anderson for his great service to the hobby ie. copywriting Dipcon, although I have never had any personal contact with John Beshara I have heard alot about his TDA empire and his various activities so he gets a vote, Harry Drews gets the next one for cooking up his variant (the fact that I am getting wiped out has nothing to do with it) ((want to bet on that Dave?)), Conrad von Metzke gets one of course and another goes to Rod Walker for his feuding. Hmm... that's only five, can't think of anyone for the other two spots.

I think I'll vote Arrakis in the second category, we are improving the product, but alot could be done to improve this zine like more articles (hint!).

I disagree with an old zine being listed as a new zine in need of improvement so Arrakis will not get a vote here. Why is Arrakis listed here anyways Robert, Arrakis is certainly not a new zine as this is the 53rd issue? I'm only familiar with the Predawn Leftist and Valinor and I don't feel they need much improvement so no vote will be cast here.

Greg Costikyan takes the cake here in the fourth category. See award #16.

John Hurland gets the vote here for his mess of Mush.

I have not read any of the mentioned press series so no vote here.

Where was I? Oh ya #7 Worst Regular game. HB has not been all that hot, but I am not familiar with the other games to vote.

I think Vdq will get my vote because the game was over for a couple of seasons before anyone realized that it was over.

The worst variant design would have to be the Gemignani 25-player. If you are not familiar with it, it is just a square grid divided up into 25 "provinces". Each player is given one square (they are all numbered) and moves by the normal diplomacy rules (as far as I can remember).

I think I will have to vote for myself as the player most in need of improvement, I'm lazy as hell when it comes to writing letters.

#11 Me, who else?

Anderson gets my vote for #12 for his copywriting Dipcon.

I'm not familiar with any of the columns except for Verhandeln so no vote here.

I think the fake Paroxysm was the best fake issue. It obviously had alot more work put into it as it fooled a number of people including yours truly.

The award for delay goes to the Canadian Post Office. They really botched up things for the hobby.

The award for confusion, Mitch McCormick gets my vote, he sent orders in for France in Spring 1901 when he was actually Italy.

Harry Drews gets my vote in the last award, just read back issues of Paroxysm & the Hedian Record (I've suffered through some of Harry's drivel only joking Harry) ((DH))

Enough of that junk! ((this stencil is acting funny the o's are going nuts))

IBOUGHTONESHAREOFIBMATXMASANDSINCETHENITHASRISENBYABOUTFORTYDOLLARSWOW.....

After four, sorry three Tarzan stories did you think we would let you off without anymore from Steve? Not on your life! No we wouldn't be as mean to subject you to another Tarzan story, this time it is Mackasey a play in six acts based on Macbeth B.S.'s short tragedy. It is about the recent postal strike in this fair Dominion.

Mackasey

Dramatis Personae

Bryce Mackasey

Two penny-pinching Scots

Joe Davidson

Pierre E. Trudeau

P.M. and alleged King of Canada  
(he hasn't caught on to the fact  
that Canada is only a Constitutional  
Monarchy)

Beryl Plumptre

Margaret Trudeau

The Queer (strange) Sisters

Klinger

Jean-Luc Pepin

Donald Macdonald

Canadian Noblemen

Robert Stanfield

Dramatis Personae  
(cont'd)

Sacha	
Justin	The King's sons
Horse	Mild-mannered messenger
Cinderella	The Great Pumpkin

Act I Scene I

A rundown hotel in a seedy part of Ottawa, not far from the Prime Minister (Alias King's) residence. Enter the Queer Sisters.

Beryl: When shall we three meet again, in Ottawa, Hull, or the local YMCA?

Marg: When the nity-picky's done, when the postal strike is won.

Klinger: That will be ere the set of my drink.

Beryl: Where (expletive deleted) the place?

Marg: Upon the tarmac

Klinger: There to meet with Mackasey.

Beryl: I'm coming, dammit!

All: Fair is foul, and so is the air, damn the scabs, and kill Pierre.

Act II Scene I

A bus stop near Parliament Hill. General Alarum. Enter Pierre, Jean-Luc Pepin, and Donald Macdonald.

Pierre: What bloody scab is that?

He can squeal, as seemth by his lisp,  
Of the revolting actions of Mackasey.

Scab: The merciless Oganamakoyopogo, worthy to be a rebel,  
For as of late, no one can pronounce his death,  
But brave Mackasey, disdaining fortune,  
Carv'd out his passage 'til he faced the slave,  
And spat in his eye.

Pierre: O valient scab! Worthy gentleman!

Scab: As whence the sun 'gins his false teeth,  
No sooner had he compelled these cats to blow,  
But the Western Lord, John Diefenbaker be his name,  
Began a fresh assault.

Pierre: Dismay'd this not Mackasey and Davidson?

Scab: Hell no! They'd both had their porridge,  
And due to gas, were overcharg'd with double cracks.

Pierre: Great Happiness!

Act II Scene II

A tarmac. Enter Mackasey and Davidson.

Mackasey: So hot and humid a day I have not seen.

Davidson: Hoot lassies! How far is't call'd to Pierre's?

Mackasey: Speak, if you can, what are you?

Witches: All hail Mackasey, Postmaster-General of Canada,  
And he who shall be king hereafter!

Davidson: My noble partner you greet with present grace and  
Great prediction, of noble having,  
And of royal hope, so what gives?

Klinger: Thou shall begat teatotlers, though thou be none.

Mackasey: Me thinkst that thou who has spoken art mine own flesh and blood,  
My hippy son that hath ran off to Greenwich Village.

Klinger: Promise you won't tell mum?

Act II Scene III

Pierre's place. Near the swimming pool.

Pierre: We've bumped off Oganamawakoyopogo;  
When he sinks, remove him from yon pool.

Enter Mackasey and Davidson.

Mackasey: Hi Pete! What goes?

How about the booty that you owes?

Pierre: How dare you be so cheeky!

Just for that, I'm appointing my eldest son Justin  
As regent upon my death.

Mackasey: Then thou'll shant have long to wait!  
Come visit me in Hull!

Act II Scene IV

Enter Lady Mackasey reading a letter.

Yesterday, I woke up, and went for a walk. About 0815,  
I met up with three queer sisters on the tarmac, near a  
Parking lot about 5km due east. My assignment, should I  
Decide to accept it, was to become King of Canada, but despite  
My most gracious and humble beseechment, Pierre has turned  
Me down as his rightful heir, selecting his eldest, Justin in  
My stead. The old bugger's coming to the house, so we can  
Bump him off, deport the kids, and take over.

Act II Scene V

Before the residence of Mackasey.

Pierre: This place is quite alright,  
So long as you don't breathe the air.

Within the house. Enter Lady Mackasey

L. Mackasey: Wash your bloody hands,  
And get ready for dinner, anon.

Pierre: Most gracious Lady,  
I hope 'tis not French fries thou servest.

Act III Scene I

Within the house. About 0200 hrs. The King is a-bed, having eaten and  
drunken heartily. L. Mackasey has drugged the servants, so that no one will  
witness the deed to be performed on Pierre.

Mackasey: Issh 'bout time I think, that I got on with this  
Buisshenissh of murdering the King.

Pulling forth his pistol, Mackasey proceeds to the King's chamber, and silently and stealthily flings open the door with grim intent upon his face. Gripping the gun, he pumps bullet after bullet into Pierre.

Mackasey: Well, dassh twenty short in the old buzzard, I think  
That I can reload an' fire off a few more roundssh  
Wisshout waking anybody up.

Act III Scene II

The wine cellar. Enter Lady Mackasey.

Mackasey: I have done the deed.  
Dids't thou hear a noise?  
L.Mackasey: I ain't heard nothing.

Knocking within. Enter a porter.

Porter: Here's a knocking indeed!  
If a man were porter at Hull's Gate,  
He should be turning the key by now,  
Who's there, in the name of Nixon?  
This place is to cold for Hull.  
Anon, anon, I pray you,  
Remember, I'm paid by the hour!

Enter Stanfield and Pepin. Opening the gate.

Stanfield: Whatever you're selling, we're not buying!(closes gate).

Stanfield enters the King's chamber.

Stanfield: Oh, fuddleduddle! Someone call the still wagon  
The old goat's met with untimely death.  
Pepin: Mean you his majesty?  
Stanfield: I think so.  
Awake! Awake! Ring the alarum bell!  
Davidson and Sacha! Justin Awake! (exeunt Stanfield and Pepin)  
Enter L.Mackasey

L.Mackasey: Oh horror! Horror!  
Thou hast ruined my new carpeting!  
Even Tide will not remove this bloody evidence!(faints)  
Stanfield: Look to the carpet.  
Justin aside to Sacha: I think we'd best split!  
What's happened to the old man may happen to us,  
And I don't think the carpet can take it.  
I'll to Czechoslovakia.  
Sacha: I'll to Tibet.

Act IV Scene I

Within the house, a fortnight later.

Mackasey: I fear that Davidson is up to no good,  
He pretends to know nothing, and does a pretty good job;  
But I'll soon be rid of his troublesome influence.

A knocking at the gate. Mackasey opens it, revealing two scruffy, bearded men.

1st man: Greetings honorable Sahib! We saw your want ad  
In the unskilled section of the paper,  
And are here to do your bidding.

Mackasey: The job is simple. All you need do is knock off two men,  
Davidson and his son Flea. (hands him the murder weapon)

Mackasey: Don't eat it! It's kosher!

1st man: A salami? Yeech! The thought of the deed appalls me!  
Couldn't you have just given us a clean roll of sausage?

Act IV Scene II

A park. Enter three murderers

2nd murderer: Who bid thee join us?

3rd murderer: Mummy said I could come and watch.

1st murderer: Hark! I hear a cab!

Enter Davidson and Flea, with an electric torch.

Davidson: It will be dark to-night.

Murderers set upon Davidson.

Davidson: Goddamn muggers! Flee good Flea, flee, flee, flee!

Act IV Scene III

A room of state in the house. A banquet prepared.

Nobles: Good welcome, Mackasey! Here's a seat reserved for you!

Mackasey: I see no empty place, only five chairs with bloody  
Corpses in them. Who hath done these other four?

Pepin: Five! At last count there was only one (Enter Davidson)

Mackasey: What happened to your ghost?

Davidson: He's at home with a sinus condition.

Mackasey: What is that, which you presently hide behind your back?

Davidson: A return for your ghastly attack upon me this night

(throws a kosher lemon meringue pie into Mackasey's face)

Act V Scene I

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron. Thunder. The Queer Sisters.

Beryl: Twice the branded cat hath puked.

Marg: Twice and one, and I've ate one.

Klinger: Round about the cauldron go;

In the crummy details throw.

Toad, that under twenty stone weight;

Days and nights has thirty-one and a half,

Swelter'd hernea sleeping got!

Throw it in, and boil the lot!

Marg: Wheel from a dragon', tooth forsooth,

Witches' mummy, maw engulf,

Rocket-launcher of blaspheming Zionist,

Gaul and goat.

Enter Mackasey

Mackasey: Once again, I bid thee good day!  
I wish to know what happens next!

Klinger: Drink this.

Mackasey: You damn denizens of Hell!  
Do you expect me to drink this vile potion  
Which thou hast prepared?

Beryl: You're right. It does need more salt.

Witches conjure up apparition of a an armed head.

Apparition: Mackasey, Mackasey, we're short of time,  
So here is the condensed prophesy synopsis for the period ending 12 January,  
Of the year Nineteen Hundred and Seventy Six.  
Beware Stanfield, no man of woman born can harm thee,  
Mackasey shall not be vanquish'd until Cinderella riding her kosher  
pumpkin on a blue moon on the 32nd day of January doth come to  
Parliament Hill. By the way for an extra ten, I'll let you see  
Davidson's descendants in this mirror.

Apparition and witches vanish. Enter Pepin.

Pepin: Stanfield is fled to Czechoslovakia.

Mackasey: Fled to Czechoslovakia!? I'd better get a move on,  
And sack his house, before some one else beats me to it!

#### Act V Scene II

Downtown Ottawa. Stanfield's residence, Enter Lady Stanfield, her son  
. Donald Macdonald, and Horse. Enter a messenger, Mackasey, murderers, etc.  
Exit Mackasey (no etc.)

#### Act V Scene III

Czechoslovakia. Before the King's palace. Enter Justin and Stanfield.

Justin: The gracious King hath lent us 250 tanks and a boomerang.

Stanfield: What about the jeeps he promised?

Justin: He can't get them. They're lent out to the King of Norway.

Enter Horse.

Stanfield: Why looketh thou so damp?

Horse: Why not? I walked.

Stanfield: Why didst thou not take the bus?

Horse: I was lacking correct change. While we're on the subject,  
There're been one at your house.

Wife, servants, all that could be found murderered.

Stanfield: Well, you win some, you lose some. I'm insured anyway.

#### Act VI Scene I

Countryside near Parliament Hill. Enter tank force, and Stanfield with  
boomerang. (Don't ask me how they got here from Czechoslovakia)  
A room in Parliament Buildings. Enter some dishonorable members.

Mackasey: Bring me no reports. Take 'em and shove 'em  
Until Cinderella doth come on her kosher pumpkin,  
On the 32nd day of January with a blue moon,



I've nothing to fear. By the what is the date?  
One dishonorable member: The 32nd.  
Mackasey: Shoot anything orange that moves.

Act VI Scene II

Next day, within Parliament. A knocking at the gates, opened by a dishonorable member.

Dishonorable member: There's a girl here by the name of Fate.  
Shall I let here in?

Mackasey: By all means do.

Fate:(alias of you-know-who). I see my present device,

Hath tricked thine mind,

For I am no other than Cinderella!

Mackasey: I never could figure out how you came by such a name

But now It's as plain as your face on your face.

How did you make past the guard?

Cindy: I painted my pumpkin blue, to match the moon.

By the way, I've a present for you, a kosher pumpkin

(rams it down on his head, causing instant death).

Without Parliament Enter Stanfield, onto the field, with the remnants of kosher pumpkin.

Stanfield: Hail King, for so thou art,  
Even thou you're half apart.

Exeunt Omnis

The moral of this story is if you thought our leaders were vegetables, now you know it.

Epilogue

I stand upon this sad and forlorn shore,  
The cool grey waves breaking at my feet,  
The towering rock looming behind.  
Before, the sea, and birds which do inhabit,  
Filling the air with their coarse cries.  
Can this which I behold be true;  
Or do my eyes deceive?  
That which I sent on it's way in eons past,  
Doth again appear in the cool grey sand.  
My hands reach, I grasp, and capture,  
It's smoothness I feel with fading hope.  
With numbed fingers, I open and read:  
Address incorrect. Return to sender.

Steve McLaughlin

Mackasey originally appeared in the HHS magazine "Humble Beginings" edited by Tom Allison.

Games

GM:

Game: 1974AT

Season: Spring 1907 DISORGANIZED ENGLISH CAN'T GET IT TOGETHER! ITALIAN HOMELAND THREATENED BY ITALIANS! DICEY SITUATION ON EASTERN FRONT!

Austria (Kovalcik): a tyr-boh, s by a sil, a vie-gal, s by a bud, a gre-bul,  
s by f aeg, & a ser, f eas s f aeg.

England (Ronson): f nth-nwy, s by f bar, f eng s f nth hold (?) NSU, f edi unodr

France (Cusack): f bre-eng, f mar-GofL, f mid-wmed, a gas-bur, a par-pic,  
a kie-ber, a bel-ruh.

Germany (CD): a hol holds.

Italy (Correll): f ion s Russian a bul-gre.

Russia (Klein): a bul-gre, a rum-ser, a gal-rum, s by a ukr (a gal /a/),  
a sev-bul, c by f bla, a war-sil, a ~~con~~ s a sev-bul, a swe-  
den, f smy-aeg, f stpnc s f nwy, f den-ska, s by f nwy.

Retreats: Russian a gal is bumped off, Austrian a gre-alb or OTB.

Draw Proposal has been proposed between Austria and Russia. Please vote in your next set of orders.

GM: Kitching

Game: 1974HB

Season: Spring 1906 ITALY & FRANCE CONTINUE TO WALTZ AS COMMUNICATIONS FAIL IN RUSSIA!

England (Smyth): f den-swe, fnth-nwy, s by f nrg.

France (Solomon): f mid-spasc, s by f por, f naf-wmed, a ber-kie, a gas-mar,  
a par-bur, a ruh-bel, f bel-eng.

Italy (Ball): a ven-pie, a rom-ven, f nap-tyrr, a mar-gas, f tun-naf, f wmed-  
mid, s by f spasc, a tyr-boh, a mun-ruh, a bur-pic, f con  
s Russian a arm-ank (NSO), f smy-aeg.

Russia (Gillespie???): NMR!! Has a fin, a mos, a sev, a rum, a bul, a arm,  
f swe, f bar, ~~f~~ stpnc, a pru.

Turkey (Klein): f bla holds.

Retreats: Italian f spasc-GofL or OTB.

Could Ron Kelly of #120, 225 Virginia Ave. SE, Washington, DC. take over the Russian position.

GM: Kitching

Game: 1974CW

Season: Winter 1907 WHY DOES EVERYONE LET THIS BUM HEAD SURVIVE!!

Austria (Smyth): built a vie, has a vie, a sev, a rum, f bulsc, a gre,atri  
f adr.

England (Cusack): Built f lon, has f lon, a run, fion, a bel, a bur, f eng,  
f den, f nth, f stpsc, f wmed.

France (Head): Built a mar, has a mar, f tun, a tus, f lyo, a rom.

Germany (Kelly): Built a ber, has a ber, a hol, f kie, a mun.

Italy (Ronson): Removed f tyrr, has f nap.

Russia (Gross): Even, has a mos, a liv.

Turkey (White): Even, has f alb, f con, f aeg.

Spring 1908, Orders on file for E/G/R.

Novar Flats (Kitching's Abode): Everybody vote Head for least reliable ally in the Sacks awards. Also, does anybody out there know what the record is for longest game with 7 players still surviving is?

GM: Head

Game: 1974HP

Season: Spring 1905 ARE ANGLO\*GERMAN RELATIONS ENDANGERED OVER THE BALTIC  
CRISES? RUSSIANS AND TURKS FAIL TO WIN NEW ALLIES!!

England (Klein) a stp s a mos; a mos s GER a war-ukr; a edi-nwy; f nth c  
a edi-nwy; f den-bal; f swe s f den-bal; f lvn h.  
France (Correll) f wes s f tyr; f tyr s ITA f ion; a tyr-boh; a ven s  
a pie-tyr; a pie-tyr; a mar-pie.  
Germany (Johnston) a war-ukr; a pru-war; a ber-sil; a mun s a ber-sil;  
a kie h; f bal asserts German independence. (retreat to Ber, Pru, Bot or OTB)  
Italy (Stewart) f adr s fion; f ion s f tun; f tun s f ion.  
Russia (Berggren) a sev s GER a war-mos NSO; a ukr-gal; a boh-tyr;  
a vie s a boh-tyr  
Turkey (Anschuetz) f alb-adr; a tri s ITA f adr-ven NSO; a ser s atri;  
a gre h; f aeg-ion; f eme s f aeg-ion; f bla h.

Fall 1905 can be made conditional on the German retreat.  
The last draw, I forget what it was for, was defeated and another  
3-way draw E/F/G has been proposed. Please vote with your fall orders.

Press:

Kiel: I am not moving from Kiel, until I see some sort of general retreat  
of English from the Baltic. I am a very mistrustful person.

Fall 1905 is due February 27, 1976.

GM:Head

Game: 1975EG

Season: Spring 1903 NEW GERMAN LEADER VERY DARING IN HIS BID FOR NORWAY,  
FRENCH SAIL ALONG THE WELSH COAST! NEW GERMAN LEADER  
ALSO SLIGHTLY CRAZY TRYING TO CONVOY TO ENGLAND!!!!

Austria (Case) a vie s a gal; a bud-rum; a gal s a rum-ukr; a bul-con;  
a ser s a bud-rum; f gre-aeg; a rum-ukr.  
England (Smyth) f eng s f lon-nth; f nth-ska; f lon-nth.  
France (Anschuetz) f mar-spasc; a par-pic; f liv-wal; f mid-eng; a spa-gas;  
a bre s a par-pic; a bel h.  
Germany (Johnston) a sil-war; a hol-edi; f bal-swe; f ska-nwy; f den s  
f bal-swe.  
Italy (WhiteNMR!) a apu h; a tun h; f aeg h; f ion h.  
Russia (Leeder) a war s a ukr; f bot s a swe, a swe h; a ukr s a war (re-  
treat to mos or OTB); f sev-rum.  
Turkey (Ronson) a smy s f con; f con h; f eme-ion.

Fall 1903 can be made conditional on the Russian retreat.

Press:

Moscow: Why is it that every time I play Russia, I get stabbed? (perhaps,  
this is Paul's revenge for all those French classes.....)  
Golden City: It seems Paul has dropped from the hobby so I gave Brian the  
German position in order to prevent an NMR.  
Could Lee Thompson please standby for Italy. (all the addresses are in #50)  
I haven't seen Janus in some time either what's going on here Cal?  
Fall 1903 due February 27, 1976.  
No room left for 1975EX so turn to the next page folks...



deleted) da rock" What Tony actually wants to do is to give him the Mafia mark of unapproval.

All seems quiet elsewhere in "the Boot" but the Italian Army is getting restless for an Austrian feast with the Tsar and the Sultan also invited.

Golden City: I don't think the Tsar is going to be able to make your feast!

Rome: Even the Pope was shocked to see the kind Austrian say he has never stabbed before and then turn against the wops. Possibly he could't wait to see the blood...He even threatened to send out the sacred 9lb. Italian Greyhound after the Emperor.

Golden City to Rome: The masthead date often means nothing look at the postmark to get the actual time 'hat it took to reach you.

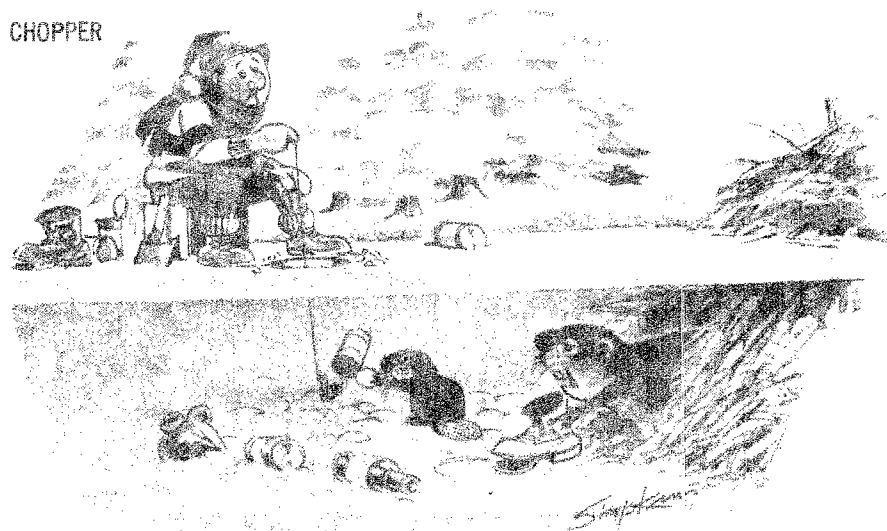
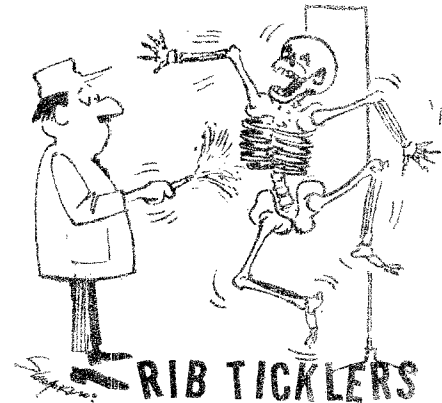
HELP...HELP...HELP...HELP...HELP...HELP...HELP...HELP...HELP...HELP...

We have only got four standbys left at the present time: Kelly, Cusack, Thompson and Johnston. If anyone wants to help out please let anyone of the GM's know. This issue some were actually called twice so were hard up. Help we need somebody, not just anybody.....

Butcher: I just saw a sausage 50 feet long!  
Baker: Sounds like a lot of baloney to me!

A Newfie bought a pair of waterskis and when he was asked why he never used them he replied "I couldn't find any lakes with hills."

Two Newfies were baking a cake, one was reading off the ingredients and the other was putting them into the bowl. The one called out "One teaspoon of water." and the other replied "Heaping or level?"



"Here, Chopper, get rid of this other old boot while you're at it!"

*Please send your  
tribute Brian*

David Head  
Box 1231  
Huntsville, Ont.  
POA 1K0

First Class

Sub credit     

Standby request     

see page     

Join a game

Join the HDA

Deadline for all games  
February 27, 1976

To:

*Walt Buchanan*

*RD# 3 Litchamun Ind.*

*46052*

*US 7*

